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VOL. XIII. No. 41.

A TAILOR'S PROTEST

AGAINST KORKOWINSKY'S BALTIMORE STRIKE CONDUCT.

To the Readers of the People:—As our craft, the tailors, are having all sorts of trouble in Rochester, we of the same craft, and belonging to the same pure and simple trade union, are having our troubles in Baltimore, caused through the treachery of corrupt leaders, and especially one, who sails under the alias Harry White, his original name being Korkowinsky, of New York, National Secretary.

The United Garment Workers' Union, Local No. 7, has about 500 members, composed mostly of good, honest, hard-working men—Hebrews.

The trouble started in this manner: A letter was sent to the District Council of Baltimore city from the New York District Council, stating that they should pay the bill for 10,000 labels which they delivered to Morris & Co. The District Council of Baltimore answered that as they hadn't ordered any labels for Morris & Co., they refused to pay for them.

A committee of five was appointed by the Council to wait on Morris & Co. The committee was Gordon, Miller, Silverman and Kutchinsky.

Morris & Co., overall manufacturers, made a personal agreement with Korkowinsky, alias White, chief labor fakir of the said union, that he would furnish the union label (Did we say union label? God forbid!) for all overalls turned out in his factory. Mr. Morris asked Korkowinsky, alias White, "Supposing I do not get enough labels from you, how will I procure them?" Mr. White then gave him the cut of the union label, so that he could get them printed himself, any old place, without asking the consent of the District Council, and then this thing calls himself a labor leader and says he represents the only kind of a union that will better the conditions of the working man, when the union would not last twenty-four hours without the assistance of the boss, our enemy.

We tailors are getting our eyes open, through reading The Weekly People, and we have come to the conclusion that the Socialist Labor Party and the S. T. & L. A. trades union are the only true friends we have, regardless of all that is said by such fakirs as Korkowinsky, alias White.

Well, to return to the subject again, the District Council appointed a committee of five, composed of Gordon, Miller, Silverman and Kutchinsky, to wait on Mr. Morris, as the said firm had signed an agreement with the local union of overall makers for one year. The committee asked an explanation of how Morris was getting the labels without coming to the District Council. The committee was denied admittance at first. Then they informed Morris if they were not allowed to inspect the place to see if they were the genuine label, they would at once call a strike. The committee was shown the agreement between Morris & Co. and White, which none of the locals knew anything about.

Mr. Sonnerbone, another firm, also signed an agreement with Local Union No. 7, that all his tailors were to work only nine hours from May 1, 1903, to May, 1904; also, his contractors' employees were to work only nine hours from January 1 to May 1, 1904.

In October, or thereabouts, Mr. S. Sonnerbone called a meeting of all his employees at his factory "for the benefit of his workingmen," and informed them that they must work ten hours instead of nine hours. His reason was the competition from the other great clothing centres, such as Boston, St. Louis and the east side of New York. But the majority of these places are only working nine hours.

After the meeting the employees reported back to their respective locals. The locals, as a body, informed Mr. Sonnerbone that he had to live up to the agreement till it expired. Mr. Sonnerbone, after being informed in regard to the action of the local, cut the employees down to one and two days' work a week. His contractors followed suit, his object being to try and starve the workers into submission.

Local No. 7 then notified the executive board of New York to send a committee to settle the difficulty, but they received no answer. Then Local No. 7 appointed a committee to act in conjunction with the committee which was appointed by the District Council to go to New York on Sunday evening to interview the General Executive Board. Mr. Sachs, then president of Local No. 7, also foreman for Mr. Sonnerbone, got up and demanded that they go at once, before their own local executive board had submitted it to their respective local.

WEEKLY PEOPLE



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BOYCOTT EPIDEMIC

IN 'FRISCO CONTINUES ON THE INCREASE.

(Special to The People.)

San Francisco, Dec. 28.—The boycott epidemic continues on the increase in San Francisco. The shrill cry of the union picket rises clear above the noise of traffic and general excitement of the holiday season. The grotesque representations of Santa Claus have disappeared from the streets, and the sidewalk vendors of mechanical toys are a little less strenuous, now that Christmas is past; but the boycotters have not subsided, indeed they have redoubled their efforts.

II.

"SAYS CRANKS RULE

"Sheboygan Mayor Scores Socialists Who Bring Charges.

"Double Dealing Is Alleged.

"Special Dispatch to The Sentinel.

"Sheboygan, Wis., Dec. 29.—Mayor Charles A. Born, when shown the charges preferred against him by the State Central Committee of the Socialist Party, as published in Monday morning's Sentinel, was inclined to treat the affair as a huge joke.

"Under no condition will I appear before the committee to defend any official act of mine," said Mayor Born, "so long as that board contains a member who would be better situated if he were at Waupun than at large. Furthermore,

At the last six open-air meetings, held at the corner of Thirteenth and Franklin avenue on Saturday nights, we sold 212 books and got 22 subs. for The Weekly People. At a meeting held at Wallhalla Hall on December 12, with Comrade Veal as the principal speaker, we sold 16 books, collected \$7.11, and had 85 people in the hall, and this on a night when the weather was the worst seen here in years.

At our open-air meetings we had Vaughn and Knight, from Colorado; Pierson and Cox, from Illinois; Gupp and Bilsbarrow, from the Section as the speakers. They were assisted by the members, who made themselves busy by selling books and soliciting subs. for The People. All of the members did not attend these meetings. Some spent their time boring from within coffin societies; others were at home making a desperate attempt to puff the Social Revolution out of a cornec pipe.

Comrades, fall in line, roll up your sleeves, and get ready for the fray. There will be plenty of work for us all. The capitalist parties have already begun their campaign. The bogus Socialists, under the leadership (?) of Ex-Deputy Sheriff Hoehn, are having trouble in their camp between the followers of the A. L. U. and the advocates of the A. L. U.

It is amusing to hear these little skinners rant against the trusts. As a rule, their hatred against the working class is in many cases worse than that of the middle and upper capitalist classes. Politically, they are up a tree, and are easily taken in by any passing movement that promises them a reduction in taxes, cheap light and a low-priced license for their old, rickety wagon and their third-hand, broken-down, swayback horse.

Closely allied with this class are these workingmen with middle-class instincts, who have ninety-eight dollars' worth of stock in a wagon shop, or some other industry, and all those workingmen who slave during the day and do extra jobs at night in order to scrape together a few extra dollars. As a rule, these men are flocking into this city in hope of getting a job, only to be disappointed, and you have a faint idea as to the terrible conditions of the working class in the World's Fair City.

We can hear our sentimental friends setting up the old cry, "You Socialists are wrong in calling the capitalist class a robber class." Are we? Let us produce the evidence.

Mrs. James Blair, president of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair and wife of Mr. James Blair, first consul of the World's Fair, recently shocked (?) society by giving a dinner at which the guests appeared in short dresses. According to the newspaper reports, it was a swell affair, and the busy-bodies asked themselves the question: Where did she get the money from? They soon found out. Shortly after the scarcity-of-clothes affair society was shocked once more by a report that appeared in the newspapers, in which Mr. Roberts, law partner of Mr. Blair, accused Mr. Blair of swindling the heirs of the Blow estate, for which he was the trustee, out of many thousands of dollars. Blair was sick at the time, and while yet in the hospital he was indicted by the Grand Jury for forgery.

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Press Committee, Section St. Louis.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

Section St. Louis Depicts Working Class Conditions There—Sights That Would Startle Napoleon.

When Mr. Sachs could not bulldoze the local executive board, he then made threats that he would go himself, and away he went, although he had no authority to do so in any way, shape or form. By his actions the whole factory on Sharp street was closed down, thereby throwing the workingmen out on the streets and making them lose a day's wages.

To the great surprise of the committee that was appointed by Local No. 7, of Baltimore, a committee from the New York executive board arrived. It was composed of Bogatz and Ruben. They went and interviewed Mr. Sonnerbone and then called a special meeting of the locals and informed them that everything was O. K.; that they could all go back to work.

Shortly after they had left, Mr. Miller, who is the superintendent, informed the employees that they would have to work ten hours per day or accept a reduction, which amounted to from \$1.50 to \$2 a week per man. The employees of Mr. Sonnerbone, at a special meeting, agreed to accept the reduction and work nine hours. Then Mr. Miller informed them that their "brother," Mr. Sonnerbone, demanded they should work ten hours without a reduction. Thereupon the men walked out and notified the District Council to settle the difficulty, if possible. They settled it in the following manner: That the men should work nine and one-half hours a day, although the old agreement has not yet been rescinded by the local.

Now, workingmen, as a tailor belonging to Local No. 7, I appeal to you to consider the facts which I have laid before you. Is it not possible for us, as a craft, to construct our organization along the lines of the Social Trade and Labor Alliance, where there is no boss and the officers are only the servants and cannot transact any business without the consent of the rank and file of their respective locals?

A Tailor.
Baltimore, Md., December 21, 1903.

THAT EX-DEPUTY MARSHAL.

Is Pursued by His Own Fate Which Way So-ever He May Turn.
(Butte, Mont., American Labor Union Journal.)

IT IS UP TO HOEHN NOW.

Man Who Made False Charges Against the A. L. U. in St. Louis Central Body Given a Chance to Prove Them or Acknowledge That He Lied.

One of the editors of the St. Louis Labor, the official organ of the Labor Press Council, appeared before the Central Trades and Labor Council of that city on the occasion of the visit of Frank Jordan, of the Western Federation of Miners, and denounced the American Labor Union in strongest terms.

He declared the rank and file were misled by a few leaders, and he was particularly venomous in the charge that the A. L. U. had indulged in the practice of organizing dual unions. There is nothing like a plain Anglo-Saxon word to make one's meaning clear. In order that we may not be misunderstood, we desire to say that Mr. Hoehn, in making these charges, lied. We believe he lied deliberately and maliciously.

Crediting him with only enough grey matter to get his away about the streets, he must still have known the facts. He knows that, not only has the A. L. U. not only organized dual unions, but that the A. F. of L. has; and so useful has the Gompers gang become to the capitalists because of this, the Citizens' Alliance is now welcoming the A. F. of L. to the West with open arms. He knows that in Western localities, where the A. L. U. is powerful, the isolated A. F. of L. union receives the hand of complete fellowship, while in the East Gompers has sought to crush every A. L. U. local he could reach, and in one instance he succeeded.

Hoehn, if at all informed, knows that in California the A. F. of L. bodies have tried to prevent the A. L. U. unions (in no sense dual, for they do not organize any such) from a seat in the central bodies. If he is disposed to be fair he can learn that Stuart Reed has been running from one Massachusetts union of the A. L. U. to another to induce them to withdraw, and even offered the cut sole workers an international charter to sever connections. That Gompers' men scabbed it on the California miners, and later on the U. B. of R. E.; that the striking A. L. U. paper mill employees of Denver were supplanted by organized A. F. of L. scabs; that the A. L. U. is a reorganized organization, and the rank and file, not the leaders, are "boss."

On the other hand, we challenge Mr. Hoehn or any of his ilk to name a single instance where an A. L. U. union has ever scabbed. We challenge him to name a single instance where the A. L. U. has organized a dual union, and, finally, we challenge him to name a single instance where the A. L. U. has not striven to maintain the class interests of all the workers, regardless of their affiliation. It is your turn to "ante," Mr. Hoehn. Substantiate your charges or confess that you lied.

he plundered it from the working class.

Members of the capitalist class try, and do, swindle each other; but as a class they robbed all they got from the working class. The capitalists can rob the workers because they own the machinery of production, and because they own and control the political power, which, in this State, is being looked after by the Republican and Democratic parties.

The middle class, who expected to reap a harvest out of the World's Fair, are already meeting with some disappointment, and failures among them are of daily occurrence. Once upon a time the middle class in this State cut a big figure in politics, but this being a Democratic State, the large capitalist class made it their business to get control of the Democratic machine. Spasmodic efforts have been made by the middle class to regain the political power through the People's party, Public Ownership party and Allied Third party. But all these movements were only a flash in the pan, and they soon died out, which is but natural, as every political movement is but a reflex of an economic class.

Another class which is an eyesore to the class-conscious workingman is the petit middle class—the men with the small custom tailoring shops, the foot-power dressmakers (of which in this city you will find one in every third block), the two-by-four coal dealers (whose whole stock in trade is not over three baskets of coal and 10 cents' worth of kindling wood), and all the other small skinners of the working class.

It is amusing to hear these little skinners rant against the trusts. As a rule, their hatred against the working class is in many cases worse than that of the middle and upper capitalist classes. Politically, they are up a tree, and are easily taken in by any passing movement that promises them a reduction in taxes, cheap light and a low-priced license for their old, rickety wagon and their third-hand, broken-down, swayback horse.

Closely allied with this class are these workingmen with middle-class instincts, who have ninety-eight dollars' worth of stock in a wagon shop, or some other industry, and all those workingmen who slave during the day and do extra jobs at night in order to scrape together a few extra dollars. As a rule, these men are flocking into this city in hope of getting a job, only to be disappointed, and you have a faint idea as to the terrible conditions of the working class in the World's Fair City.

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can transform capitalist property into working-class property, the same way that feudal property was transformed into capitalist property by the revolutions of the last century. With this end in view, it is carrying on the work of agitation by spreading the doctrine of the Social Revolution (which means the overthrow of the entire capitalist class), through public meetings on the street corners, in halls, and by spreading party literature wherever possible.

There is Section of the Socialist Labor Party in this city, which, in the last few months, has been very active. Two speakers were sent through the State to plow the ground, and this was followed up by a canvasser for the Party's paper, The People, with good results.

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Press Committee, Section St. Louis.

"THE FIRST SOCIALIST MAYOR OF WISCONSIN"

Answering the Charges of the Social Democrats of That State, Accuses Them of Double Dealing and Grafting—Condemns One to Penitentiary.

(Special to The People.)

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THE DRESDEN CONGRESS

For reasons, scores of times enlarged upon in these columns, the Social Democracy of Germany has ceased to be a pace-setter for the Socialist Movement of the world. For the reasons so often analyzed, the Socialist Movement of Germany has been compelled to deflect its course, and face and solve the issues left unsolved and unsolved by the nation's bourgeois. This, notwithstanding, aye, for that very reason, the acts of the German Social Democracy are well worth the close attention of the militant Socialism of this country. As the native land of Marx, Engels and Lassalle, and that in which the Socialist Movement first took tangible shape nearly forty years ago, the forced evolution, that Socialist Movement has undergone in Germany, is of more than historic interest. The late Dresden Congress typifies the leading features of that evolutionary process, which the sooner they are generally understood the better.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

The Dresden Congress met on September 13 and adjourned on September 20. Altogether it was in session eight days. Subtracting from these eight days the first day and a half, spent in general oratory, in which foreign "visiting delegations" took a part, and about a day given to minor matters, such as Bebel's complaints against the "Vorwärts," the Polish question, parliamentary activity, the Amsterdam Congress, etc., there were about five days given to the real issues before the body. These were two, at least they were presented under distinct heads and culminated in the adoption of two distinct resolutions—a resolution on the activity of party members in the bourgeois press, and one on the tactics of the party. In point of fact, the two issues were one, the first only serving as a prelude to the second. The issue underlying both was a practical one of tactics. On this subject the debate consumed all the actual working time of the Congress.

A bird's-eye view of the debate presents a paradox. Feeling ran high. Hard words were exchanged. Indeed, it has been said by those who should know that never was a German Social Democratic Congress so heated. And yet not disputant on either side, none of any account at any rate, but declared that "at no time was the party so united as it is now." As if this were not enough of a paradox, the resolutions were adopted with virtual unanimity (283 to 24 on the first, 288 to 11 on the second). Were these men children, who quarreled over nothing? Or were they hysterical school girls, who scratch one another's eyes and as readily kiss and make up? They were none of that. Then, there was an issue? Indeed, there was, and a serious one. To complete the series of paradoxes in the bird's-eye view of the debate, the serenest of the disputants, the most good-natured, those who, with greatest moderation, and dignity withal, retorted to the vehement onslaughts against them, were that nominally trivial minority. Indeed, whatever brilliancy of satire, of wit or ridicule flashed through the Congress Hall, proceeded from that quarter. And well it might. All the facts, hence all the arguments applicable to the situation, were with that side. They knew themselves victors. Hence, why ill-nature? Like a traveler, overtaken by a sudden squall on the road, good-naturedly, though perhaps critically, watches the storm's excesses, taking only simple measures to keep the wet off, and knowing the storm is bound to abate, when he will again regain the nastiness, and tranquilly resume the even tenor of his route, so did the nominally trivial minority at the Dresden Congress deport itself. It revealed the aplomb of habitual, certain and inevitable ascendancy. What with the superficial press reports and interested journalistic commentaries, the impression conveyed of the Congress is exactly the opposite. To the extent that this false impression prevails the instruction conveyed by the Dresden Congress is lost.

HISTORY OF TACTICS.

The history of the German Social Democracy on the party's tactics, sketched step by step by the nominal minority, and left uncontradicted by the nominal majority, has traversed the following leading episodes:

At an early date, on the motion of Liebknecht, the small Socialist delegation in the Reichstag decided upon the tactics they were to adopt. These were to utilize every opportunity in that body to assert their negative and protesting principles, and to keep strictly aloof from parliamentary transactions, proper. And the point was emphasized by Liebknecht in a pamphlet in which the rule of conduct was explained thus:

"This negative position may not be given up, else the party would give up its principle. Under no circumstances, and on no field may the Social Democracy negotiate with the enemy. Negotiations can be conducted only where there is a common ground to stand on. To negotiate with forces, that are hostile on the matters of principle, means to sacrifice principle itself. Principle is indivisible. It is either wholly kept, or wholly sacrificed. The slightest concession on matters of principle infers the

abandonment of principle. Whosoever parliamentarizes log-rolls; who log-rolls is bound by purchase."—This undisputable norm for the parliamentary posture of the Socialist Revolution, once accepted, was later given up, despite the cry of "Treason" and "Parliamentary Quagmire!" The party since pursued the course of parliamentarizing with its opponent.

In 1875, when the then two Socialist wings of Germany—the Marxists and the Lassalleans—were about to unite, Marx issued a circular letter, intended especially for some of the leaders of the Marxist wing. In this letter Marx analyzes and condemns the programme, under which the fusion was to be perfected, as "bourgeois" "objectionable," "demoralizing," a "dickering in principles," a proof that "Socialist ideas were only skin-deep with the party"; and he warned that "everybody knows how pleased workingmen are with the fact of a union, but you are mistaken if you believe that this momentary success is not bought too dearly." And Bebel, then in prison for his revolutionary attitude, issued from his confinement a letter of protest declaring "he could not join in the fusion, and when his nine months were out, he would raise the banner against it."—The warning was disregarded: the bourgeois-labeled programme was adopted: the fusion was perfected; the threatened revolt never set in.

In 1884, energetic protests were raised against the representation of the Social Democratic Reichstag delegation in the "Seniorens Konvent"—a convention of "captains of industry," without official functions or power, and intended for the interchange of views on Labor and kindred matters. Participation in such bodies was pronounced "a violation of the revolutionary principle," "a disgrace to the dignity of the Freeman," "a comedy," "a diplomatic flank-move looking to reconciliation," "a fly in the ointment of the late election successes," and the "Proletariat was to awake and winnow the chaff from the wheat." Bebel, reporting the Frankfurt meeting that started the protest, wrote of it: "It is not true that the meeting consisted of furious Anarchists. It consisted of the best and oldest comrades, and was animated by the best of spirits."—"Since then," said Vollmar in Dresden, "we have grown accustomed to the matter; much is not to be gained from these conventions, but they are valuable sources of information."

At the time of the Cologne Congress a bitter debate took place on the subject of the so-called equitable labor or employment bureaus, which had just started, especially in South Germany, and at the first convention of which bourgeois and Social Democratic representatives took a part. It was again Bebel who led the assault. He declared such acts a "prancing in knee-breeches" and a "lowering of tone"; to appeal to the "general philanthropy of the bourgeois classes" was in "direct opposition to the idea of the class-struggle."—Two years later, Bebel and other Social Democrats joined just such a convention of bourgeois philanthropists in Zurich; and their participation in such conventions has since continued in regular order, as a matter of course.

The attitude of subserviency to the Government, struck by the Trades Unions, notably by the compositors, was at first hostilized by the party as an attitude that "dulled the edge of the class struggle." It was ridiculed. The Typographical Union was dubbed "His Prussian Majesty's Union."—The party gave up that policy.

The causes of the Reichstag delegation of the party are frequently convulsed with heated debates on the attitude to be taken on the bourgeois reform methods, introduced in the Reichstag, especially with regard to the deceptive, but seemingly favorable, "labor" bills. At such causes the argument has been made: "It is quite impossible for us to abandon our position and vote for these bills. Who of us would dare appear after that at the labor meetings? The very edge of our agitation and the traditional posture of the party would be dulled and sacrificed."—The bills were regularly supported.

The election laws for the Prussian Landtag elections are such that, to participate in them, the Social Democracy would have to enter into deals with bourgeois parties. At the Cologne Congress of 1893 the question of going into the Prussian Landtag elections was raised and thunderingly voted down. Bebel again led. "A compromise with the hostile parties," he declared, "cannot choose but lead to the demoralization of the party." The proposed step was pronounced "a compromise in the worst sense of the word," and it was laid down, as a matter of duty, that the party was to abstain from the suffrage at the Landtag elections.—At the Mainz Congress of 1900, Bebel himself ceased to see any objection to the "cattle-trade" (Kuhhandel); he declared he had changed his views; he regretted the strong expressions used at Cologne; and he announced a new principle: "Compromise is an agreement with another for mutual support, to the end of reaching that which cannot be reached with unaided effort. Why raise such a howl against that?"—The Cologne decision was, accordingly, formally reversed, and the new principle was pursued.

The election laws for municipal elections are open to objections similar to those for the Landtag. The electorate is divided in property classes. In 1884, the Berlin party adopted a resolution against participation in the election for municipal officers on the ground that:

"Participation in class elections is a violation of the party's platform, and it nowise promotes the development of the workingman's party. On the contrary, it promotes the opportunities for self-seeking politicians, and this has a corrupting influence."—The Berlin party shortly after gave up its stand. Closing the argument on this head, and alluding to the anti-Vice-Presidential arguments, which condemned the idea of Social Democrats putting on knee-breeches on Court occasions, as required of the Vice-Presidents, Vollmar remarked:

"The municipal officers of Berlin proudly carry a chain of office from which hangs the image of Frederick William III. Think of it! Knee-breeches will burn one's thighs; but the royal image may be carried on the breast."

There still remains an episode, the crowning one of all. But this is not yet the place to cite it. This, however, is a place of sufficient elevation where to pause for a moment, look backward and take a preliminary comprehensive view of the lay of the land.

For one thing, sufficient facts have been cited to warrant the summary with which Vollmar introduced his sketch of the history of the party's tactics, and to quote it here as one of the characterizations of the situation. He said:

"The thought has been recently expressed that it was a pity we had not yet a 'History of Tactics.' It might be rather called a 'History of the Stagnation of the German Social Democracy.' It would be in no small degree interesting to learn from it what all has been condemned among us as 'watering' as 'repudiation of principles,' as 'violation of traditions,' as 'abandonment of the principle of the class-struggle,' etc.; how, regularly after each sentence, the Social Democracy quaffed down the ingredients of the alleged poisoned chalice, and liked them; and how, thereupon, the old 'poison' label was speedily transferred to some new cup."

For another thing, the outlines of two conflicting streams are plain in sight. Leaping forward for an instant, to the field of the Dresden Congress, the two groups may be described by their leading exponents—Bebel and Vollmar.

VON VOLLMAR.

Whether Vollmar is equipped with the requisite erudition to consciously steer his course by the constellations that preside over the German socio-political waters, and sails "by chart," aware of the currents he navigates and the soundings of the shallows, or whether only instinct guides him, matters not. Vollmar is a Socialist—in the sense that he foresees the ultimate breakdown of capitalism, and is ready enthusiastically to lend a helping hand towards the raising of a Socialist Republic, as the only ultimate goal yet in sight worthy of man's efforts. But he is not a revolutionary Socialist. Whatever else Vollmar might be elsewhere, he can be none in Germany. Intelligent or sentient, he has adapted his conduct to local exigencies. In a country still so feudal that the organic law of the land can be changed only with the consent of the Kaiser; in a country still so far back politically that institutional improvements have, as of olden days, to be virtually octroyed from above; in a country still so politically primitive that, by constitutional enactment, the Monarch's sword can outweigh in the balance the combined will of the people and parliament;—in such a country there are still tall and wide mountain ranges to be tunneled by the drill of bourgeois reform, and of useful reform generally. There the season for the Social Revolution is not yet.

With guile, or innocent purpose, the effort is often made to blur "Revolution" into "Reform," and "Reform" into "Revolution"; and, with innocent purpose or with guile, the attempt is not infrequently made to stampede the argument into an acceptance of the blur by holding up "catalysis" as the only alternative. Dismissing the "argument" of catalysis as unbecoming, and the "catalytic threat" for the mere phraseology that it is, the point of contact between "Reform" and "Revolution"—meaning by the latter the Socialist Revolution—lies too far back to here merit attention. They are "horses of different color," or, dropping slang, children of different parents. The line that separates them is sharp. "Reform" infers a common ground between contestants; "Revolution" the absence of such ground. The two terms are mutually repellent in social science. Socialism is nothing if not Revolution. There is no common ground between the contestants. With Socialism, on the one hand, and the system of private ownership in natural and social opportunities, or class-rule, on the other, each stands on ground that is mutually abhorrent. The two can not deal, barter or log-roll. They can meet only to clash, and for extermination.

It does not alter the principle here laid down that, at a time, in England, and even now, in Germany, bona fide reform could and can be wrung from the possessing classes for the working

class. On the contrary. Where such reforms are possible, they are so just because a true Socialist Movement is not yet possible, a feudal class, still mighty, though crowded by its upstart rival, the capitalist, and just because of being thus crowded, will lend a helping hand to what instinctively it feels to be its rising rival's predestined slayer. SO LONG AS SUCH REFORMS ARE TO BE GAINED, THEY SHOULD BE STRIVEN FOR; but so long as they are to be gained, the struggle is not yet between Socialism and private property in natural and social opportunities, that is, between two foes standing upon irreconcilable ground: the struggle still is between capitalism and feudalism, that is, foes standing on the common ground of class-rule: the reign of the bourgeois is not yet absolute: the path is still barred by feudalism; the season is not yet for a Socialist Movement. Per contra, the moment feudalism is swept aside, and capitalism yields the scepter untrammelled, as here in America,—from that moment the ground is ready for Revolution to step on; what is more, from that moment Reform becomes a snare and a delusion. It virtually is no more to be had. As shown in the second of the "Two Pages from Roman History," reform then becomes palliatives, and these are but palliatives of wrong; or it is sops, and these are banana-peels under foot—in either case destructive of the revolutionary fibre and directness, a bane to its alleged beneficiaries. Where the thought of "Socialism" rises in conjunction with that of "Reform," or of "Reform" with that of "Socialism" the Socialism can only be, either—as is happening here in America in the instance of the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic party—a manifestation of puerility doused with speculative schemes; or—as one time in England, and now in Germany,—a latter-day adaptation of the "Christianity" of Clovis, that is, an aspiration after an ideal, too ideal, however, to be seriously contemplated, and, consequently, decorously put away in a niche, to be revered, while serious, practical thought is turned to the hard, practical reality.

The group in the German Social Democracy, of which Vollmar is the leading exponent, sentient or intelligent, strained for the only field of vantage that the backward conditions of the land provided. Seeing the absence of the field for revolutionary Socialism to deploy on, it strained and carried the Movement to take its stand on the field of radical bourgeoisism, that is, of Reform. With the common ground among the contestants, implied in Reform, the Socialist Vollmar parliamentarizes—with all that that implies. Nor does such conduct at all infer intellectual obliquity. Nothing more natural, aye, unavoidable, than that a belated radical bourgeois movement in our days should be strongly flavored with revolutionary Socialist feeling and terminology,—least of all when, as in this instance, it started Socialist. Accordingly, as sketched above, the early and wise warning of Marx against fusion at Gotha was reverently niched; Liebknecht's masterly aphorism on the parliamentary attitude of the Socialist Movement was decorously shelved, by himself included; and one after another, despite opposition and condemnation, those tactics were successively taken up and enthusiastically pursued, which denoted the gradual placing of itself by the German Social Democracy on that common ground of battle where the contestants may, are expected to and must bicker.

BEBEL.

The struggler with the Vollmar stream, the stream typified by Bebel. Bebel's Dresden speeches which have thrilled the hearts of the militant Socialists the world over, and will be translated for the readers of The People as a type of the revolutionary lyric—vigorous, unsparing, elevating, uncompromising, and pure—is the most fervid of the series that has yet proceeded from his side of the house, at the various stages in the above-recorded evolutionary process of his party's tactics. "All the world loves a lover." Infinitely more sympathetic than the practical Vollmar, Bebel, it must, nevertheless, be conceded, has failed to subordinate his ideal to the circumstances. His fires proved proof against facts. Though blazed, they never have been extinguished. Always heating the mass, that, in the end, ever prevailed against them, and thus ever imparting a glamor to his party, they periodically would break and leap forth in tongues of lambent flame,—soul-stirring, warning. But their language could be none other than that of protest. Periodically, when a new shoot downward was shot in its course by the current that Bebel was constrained to drift with, a new shock was felt. Ever at such recurring periods, the reminiscences and ideals of his own and his party's youth would assert themselves: they would then win the upper hand of their latest enforced silence, as they now did at Dresden, and carry the day; and then—as happened regularly before, and poetically expressed by Vollmar—the ingredients of the alleged poisoned chalice would be quaffed anew and found palatable, and the "poison" label transferred to some fresh cup; the Bebel-swollen flood of the nominal majority would again recede; the Vollmar ebb of the nominal minority would then delight to see "Old Auer" again pull through so well. There was no one among us German delegates in

KAUTSKY RESOLUTION.

The "Kautsky Resolution" is a product typical of its source. It is a panel, painfully put together, of symmetrically rounded theses and antitheses on the ministerial question, in which "the head eats up the tail." This feature of the resolutions is so marked that—despite the closing sentence distinctly enough gives up the class struggle by conceiving the possibility of "impartiality on the part of a capitalist government in the struggle between Capital and Labor"—they give rise to a verbose controversy as to whether or not they favored Millerandism. The Dresden Congress shed, however, such a light upon the matter that further controversy is now more than ever vain, and in the light that it shed, the crowning episode, so far, in the consistent history of the German Social Democracy, is fully illuminated.

In the course of his speech, Auer, the leading lieutenant of Vollmar, deliberately let fall a pregnant scrap of information. Said he:

"I went along as a delegate to the International Congress at Paris. It devolved upon me to speak in the name of the German delegation. And to what motion did I speak? To the Kautsky resolution on the ministerial question. Kautsky and others had framed the resolution. It contains not a syllable of my own. I do not tackle such dangerous experiments, when I know there are comrades who are better hands at such matters. I SPOKE AMID THE PLAUDITS OF ALL OUR DELEGATES, OF KAUTSKY INCLUDED, WHO WAS THE FATHER OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR, AND WHO HAD FURNISHED ME WITH THE LINE OF ARGUMENT FOR MY SPEECH. Kautsky was then delighted to see 'Old Auer' again pull through so well. There was no one among us German delegates in

A THIRD ELEMENT.

None who ever studied history closely, none who ever watched the actions of large masses of men, will fail to scent from the preceding sketch the existence of a third, not stream, but body, besides the two leading streams above outlined. To the flux and reflux of such streams of human action, there must be a third—not stream, because it has no life of its own but—group, or pool; a group, not made up of the shadings of the two main streams, but of distinct physiognomy, a physiognomy *sui generis*. Indeed, there is such a group. Devoid of convictions, devoid of the practical sense of a Vollmar that tends to solidify ideals, devoid of the moral and mental exaltation of a Bebel that tends to idealize the practical, the group in question consists of theorists, who riot in theory. Their delight is to turn out such merchandise according as occasion and the most contradictory, at that, may demand, in phrases symmetrically rounded. The type of this group is Kautsky; its feature "to run with the hares and bark with the hounds." Here is the place to cite that latest and crowning episode, merely referred to above, in the tactical history of the German Social Democracy as furnished by the Dresden Congress itself, and from the elevation of which the eye will be enabled to embrace a full view of the lay of the land.

MILLERANDISM.

The Socialist Movement of France held its breath in amazement when, in 1898, Millerand, a member of one of its organizations, accepted a cabinet portfolio at the hands of the bourgeois government, and took his seat in that executive body, beside General Gallifet, the butcher of the Commune. Whatever hope against hope may have at first lingered in the minds of the serious French Socialists was soon dispelled by Millerand's placid continuance in the cabinet, after the orders issued that provoked the military butcheries of the striking workmen at Chalon and that upheld the military butcheries of the striking workmen at Martinique. That which, based upon a long uninterrupted series of facts, theory had before then established, was but confirmed in the instance of Millerand. It is no longer a matter open to discussion. The Socialist Revolution has no common ground with class-rule. Despite the bugaboos of "Clericalism" and "The Republic in Danger" periodically gotten up by the French Bourgeoisie, France, though not advanced to the capitalist height of America, is well out of her *feudal* swaddling clothes. There, like here, "Reform" is now a snare and a delusion; there like here, the ground is solid for the Revolutionary Movement to step on, and proceed from: to tread the path of barter, as Millerand did, is there, as it is here, when not visionary, corrupt. The Millerand barter rent the French Socialist Movement in twain. The earnest Socialists, headed by Guesde, repudiated Millerand; the Reformers, headed by Juarez, upheld him. The International Socialist Congress met when the discussion was at its height. The two factions (if the Juarez element can, except in scorn, be termed a Socialist faction) rushed into the hall, the latter seeking international justification, the former the international condemnation of the theory, to say nothing of the practical betrayers of Socialism. It is enough of a commentary on the structure of these international Socialist congresses that such an issue could at all rise in their midst. It did. It was the one issue before the body; and it took shape in a resolution, since known to fame as the

VIRTUAL UNANIMITY DESPITE SEEMING DIFFERENCES.

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Paris who, at that time, took upon this question the stand that, for reasons which I care not here to enlarge upon, shaped itself later. And it has come to the pass that now a fellow is actually looked upon as a very questionable comrade who does not consider the ministry of Millerand an act of turpitude, and does not see in Juarez a man, who, as a result of his revisionist inclinations, means to lead the party away from class-consciousness and into the bourgeois camp. Gentlemen, THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN STATED AT THE TIME, IN PARIS. In that case I would, probably, not have spoken, and the charge could not now be made. If Kautsky was then of an opinion different from that he holds to-day, he surely has no right to blame those who to-day are still of the same opinion as he was then."

And Kautsky, who spoke after, taken off his guard, left these statements of fact uncontradicted, and even supplemented them with the information:

"Auer said in Paris: 'True enough, a Millerand case has not yet arisen among us (in Germany): we are not yet so far; but I hope we may reach the point at the earliest day possible.'"

The Pilgrim's Shell

OR

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH
By DANIEL DE LEON

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

In my introduction to "The Silver Cross; or, The Carpenter of Nazareth," I said:

"Eugene Sue wrote in French a monumental work—the *Mysteries of the People; or, History of a Proletarian Family*. It is a 'work of fiction'; yet it is the best universal history extant. Better than any work, avowedly on history, it graphically traces the special features of the several systems of class-rule as they succeeded each other from epoch to epoch, together with the nature of the struggle between the contending classes. The 'Law,' 'Order,' 'Patriotism,' 'Religion,' etc., etc., that each successive tyrant class, despite its change of form, hysterically has sought refuge in in order to justify its criminal existence whenever threatened; the varying economic causes of the oppression of the toilers; the mistakes incurred by these in their struggles for redress; the varying fortunes of the conflict—all these social dramas are therein reproduced in a majestic series of 'historic novels,' that cover leading and successive episodes in the history of the race."

The present story—*The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan the Quarryman*—is one of that majestic series, among the most majestic of the set, and, with regard to the social period that it describes—its institutions, its classes, its manners, its virtues and its crimes, and the characters that it builds—the most instructive treatise on feudalism, at the very time when the bourgeois or capitalist class was struggling for a foot-hold, and beginning to break through the thick feudal incrustation above. More fully than Molière's plays, and strangely supplemental of the best passages on the subject in the novels of George Eliot, *The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan the Quarryman* chisels the struggling bourgeois on the feudal groundwork and background, in lines so sharp and true that both the present fully developed and ruling capitalist, inheritor of the feudal attribute of plundering, is seen in the historic ancestor of his class, and his class' refuse, the modern middle class man, is foreshadowed, now also struggling like his prototype of feudal days, to keep his head above water, but, differently from his prototype, who had his future before him, now with his future behind. This double development, inestimable in the comprehension of the tactical laws that the Labor or Socialist Movement demands, stands out clear with the aid of this work.

Eugene Sue has been termed a colorist, the Titian of French literature. It does not detract from his merits, it rather adds thereto, that his brush was also photographic. The leading characters in the story—Fergan, the type of the physically and mentally clean workingman; Bezenecq the Rich, the type of the embryonic bourgeois, visionary, craven and grasping; Martin the Prudent, the type of the "conservative workingman"; the Bishop of Laon, the type of usurping power in the mantle of religion; the seigneur of Plouernel, the type of the ingrain stupidity and prejudices that characterize the class grounded on might; a dazzling procession of women—Joan the Hunchback and Azenor the Pale, Perrette the Ribald and the dame of Haut-Pourcain, Yolande and Simonne, etc.—types of the variations in the form of woman's crucifixion under social systems grounded on class rule; Walter the Pennyless, the type of dispositions too indolent to oppose the wrongs they perceive, and crafty enough to dupe both dupers and duped; Garin, the type of the master's human sleuth—are figures, clad in historic garb, that either hurry or stalk impishly over the boards, followed by mobs of their respective classes, and presenting a picture that thrills the heart from stage to stage, and leaves upon the mind rich deposits of solid information and crystalline thought.

As a novel, *The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan the Quarryman* pleases, entertains and elevates; as an imparter of historic information and knowledge, it incites to thought and intelligent action. Whether as literature of pleasure or of study, the work deserves the broader field of the Socialist or Labor Movements of the English-speaking world, hereby afforded to it; and inversely, the Socialist or Labor Movements of the English-speaking world, entitled to the best, and none too good; that the Movements in other languages produce, can not but profit by the work, hereby rendered accessible to them.

DANIEL DE LEON.

New York, January 1, 1904.

PART I.

THE FEUDAL CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SERFS OF PLOUERNEL.

The day touched its close. The autumn sun cast its last rays upon one of the villages of the seigniory of Plouernel. A large number of partly demolished houses bore testimony to having been recently set on fire during one of the wars, frequent during the eleventh century, between the feudal lords of France. The walls of the huts of the village, built in pisé, or of stones held together with clayish earth, were cracked or blackened by the flames. There were still in sight, half burnt out, the rafters of the roofings, replaced by a few poles wrapped in bundles of furze or reed-grass.

The aspect of the serfs, just returned from the fields, was no less wretched than that of their hovels. Wan, emaciated, barely dressed in rags, they huddled together, trembling and uneasy. The bailiff, justiciary of the seigniory, had just arrived at the village, accompanied with five or six armed men. Presently, to the number of about three hundred, the serfs gathered around him, a fellow so ill disposed towards the poor, that, to his name of Garin, the nick-name "Serf-eater" had been attached. This dreaded man wore a leather casque furnished with ribs of iron, and a coat of goatskin like his shoes. A long sword hung by his side. He was astride a reddish-brown horse, that looked as savage as its master. Men on foot, variously armed, who made up the escort of Garin the Serf-eater, kept watch over several serfs, bound hands and feet, who were brought in prisoners from other localities. Not far from them lay stretched on the ground a wretched fellow, fearfully mutilated, hideous and horrible to behold. His eyes were knocked in, his feet and hands cut off—common punishment for rebels. This unfortunate being, hardly covered in rags, the stumps of his arms and legs wrapped in dirty bandages, was waiting for some of his companions in misery, back from the fields, to find time to transport him upon the litter which he shared with the beasts of burden. Blind, and without hands or feet, he found himself thrown upon the charity of his fellows, who now ten years helped him to eat and drink. Other serfs of Normandy and Brittany, had, at the time of the revolt against their lords, been blinded, mutilated like this wretched fellow, and left upon the spot of their punishment to perish in the tortures of hunger.

When the people of the village were gathered on the place, Garin the Serf-eater pulled a parchment out of his pocket and read as follows:

"Witness the order of the very high and very mighty Neroweg VI, lord of the county of Plouernel, by the grace of God. All his serfs and bondsmen, subject to mortmain and taille at his pleasure and mercy, are taxed by the will of the said lord count to pay into his treasury four copper sous per head before the last day of this month at the latest." The serfs, threatened with this fresh exaction, could not restrain their lamentations. Garin the Serf-eater rolled over the assemblage a wrathful eye and proceeded: "If the said sum of four copper pieces per head is not paid before the expiration of the time fixed, it will please the said high and mighty lord Neroweg VI, Count of Plouernel, to cause certain serfs to be seized, and they will be punished, or hanged by his prevost from his seigniorial gibbets. Neither the annual tax, nor the regular dues, is to be lowered in the least by this extraordinary levy of four sous of copper, which is intended to indemnify our said lord for the losses caused by the recent war which his neighbor, the Sire of Castel-Redon, declared against him."

The bailiff descended from his horse to speak to one of the men in his escort. Several serfs muttered to one another: "Where is Fergan? He alone would have the courage to humbly remonstrate with the bailiff that we are wretched, that the taxes, the services, the regular and the extraordinary dues are crushing us, and that it will be impossible for us to pay this tax."

"Fergan must have remained behind in the quarry where he cuts stone," remarked another serf.

Presently, the bailiff continued to read as follows: "Lord Gonthram, eldest son of the very noble, very high and very mighty Neroweg VI, Count of Plouernel, having attained his eighteenth year, and being of knight's age, there shall be paid to him, according to the custom of Plouernel, one denier by each serf and villein of the domain, in honor and to the glory of the knighthood of the said Lord Gonthram. Payment to be made this month."

"Still more!" murmured several of the serfs with bitterness; "it is fortunate that our lord has no daughter, we would some day have to pay taxes in honor of her marriage, as we shall have to pay them in honor of the knighthood of the sons of Neroweg VI. May God have mercy upon us."

"Pay, my God! but wherewith?" interjected another serf in a low voice. "Oh, it is a great pity that Fergan is not around to speak for us."

The bailiff having finished his reading, beckoned to a serf named Peter the Lame. Peter was not lame; but his father, by reason of that infirmity has received the nick-name which his son preserved. He advanced trembling before Garin the Serf-eater. "This is the third Sunday that you have not brought your bread to be baked at the seigniorial oven," said the bailiff; "nevertheless you have eaten bread these three weeks, seeing you are alive."

"Master Garin . . . my misery is such . . ."

"You have had the impudence to have your bread baked under the ashes, you scurvy beggar!"

"Oh, good Master Garin, our village was set on fire and sacked by the men of the Sire of Castel-Redon; the little clothing that we had has been burnt or pillaged; our cattle stolen or driven off; our crops devastated during the war. Have mercy upon us!"

"I am talking to you about oven and not about war! You owe three deniers oven-dues; you shall pay three more as a fine."

"Six deniers! Poor me! Six deniers! And where do you expect me to find so much money?"

"I know your tricks, knaves that you are! You have hiding places, where you bury your deniers. Will you pay, yes or no, you earth-worm? Answer immediately!"

"We have not one obole . . . the people of the Sire of Castel-Redon have left us only our eyes to weep over our disaster!"

Garin raised his shoulders and made a sign to one of the men in his suite. This one then took from his belt a coil of rope, and approached Peter the Lame. The serf stretched out his

hands to the man-at-arms: "Take me prisoner, if it pleases you to, I do not own a single denier. It will be impossible for me to satisfy you."

"That's just what we are about to ascertain," replied the bailiff; and, while one of his men bound the hands of Peter the Lame without his offering the slightest resistance, another took from a pouch suspended from his belt some touch-wood, a tinderbox and a sulphurated wick, which he lighted. Garin the Serf-eater, turning to Peter the Lame, who, at the sight of these preparations began to grow pale, said: "They will place this lighted wick between your two thumbs; if you have a hiding place where you bury your deniers, your pain will make you speak. Go ahead."

The serf answered not a word. His teeth chattered with fear. He fell upon his knees before the bailiff, stretching out to him his two bound hands in supplication. Suddenly a young girl jumped out of the group of the villagers. Her feet were bare, and for only cover she had a coarse skirt on. She was called Pierrine the Goat because, like her sheep, she was savage and fond of rugged solitudes. Her thick black hair hid her savage face, burnt by the sun. Approaching the bailiff without lowering her eyes, she said bluntly to him: "I am the daughter of Peter the Lame; if you want to torture someone, leave my father and take me."

"The wick!" impatiently called out Garin the Serf-eater to his men, without either looking at or listening to Pierrine the Goat. "The wick! And hurry up! Night approaches." Peter the Lame, despite his cries, despite the heart-rending entreaties of his daughter, was thrown upon the ground and held down by the men of the bailiff. The torture of the serf was conducted in sight of his companions in misery, who were brutalized with terror, and by the habit of serfdom. Peter uttered fearful imprecations; Pierrine the Goat no longer screamed, no longer implored the tormentors of her father. Motionless, pale, sombre, her eyes fixed and drowned with tears, she alternately bit her fists in mute rage, and murmured: "If I only knew where his hiding-place was, I would tell it."

At last, Peter the Lame, vanquished by pain, said to his daughter in a broken voice: "Take the hoe, run to our field; rake up the earth at the foot of the large elm; you will there find nine deniers in a piece of hollow wood." Then, casting upon the bailiff a look of despair, the serf added: "That's my whole treasure, Sire Garin; I'm now ruined!"

"Oh, I was certain that you had a hiding place"; and turning to his men: "Stop the torture; one of you follow this girl and bring back the money. Let her not be lost sight of."

Pierrine the Goat went off quickly, followed by one of the men-at-arms, after having cast upon Garin a furtive and ferocious look. The serfs, terrified, silent, hardly dared to look at one another, while Peter, uttering plaintive moans, despite his punishment having ceased, murmured while he wept hot tears: "Oh, how shall I be able to till the ground with my poor hands wounded and sore!"

Accidentally the bailiff caught sight of the blind serf, mutilated of his four limbs. Pointing at the unhappy being, he cried out in a threatening voice:

"Profit by that example, ye people of the glebe! Behold how they are treated who dare rebel against their lords. Are you, or are you not subject to taille at the pleasure and mercy of your lord?"

"Oh, yes, we are serfs, Master Garin," replied the wretches, "we are serfs at the mercy of our master!"

"Seeing you are serfs, you and your race, why always stinging, cheating and pilfering on the taxes? How often have I not caught you in fraud and at fault. The one sharpens his plow-share without notifying me, that he may purloin the denier due to the seigniory every time he sharpens his sickle; the other pretends he is free from the horn-dues under the false claim that he owns no horned cattle; others carry their audacity to the point of marrying in a neighboring seigniory; and so on, any number of enormities! Must you, then, miserable fellows, be reminded that you belong to your lord in life and death, body and goods? Must it be repeated to you that all there is of you belongs to him—the hair on your heads, the nails on your fingers, the skin on your vile carcasses, everything, including the virginity of your daughters?"

"Oh, good Master Garin," an old serf, named by reason of his subtlety, Martin the Prudent, ventured without daring to raise his eyes, "oh, we know it; the priests repeat to us incessantly that we belong, soul, body and goods, to the lords whom the will of God sets over us. But there are those who say . . . oh, it is not we who dare to say aught . . . things contrary to these declarations."

"And who is it dares contradict our holy priests? Give me the name of the infidel, the rashling."

"It is Fergan the Quarryman."

"Where is that knave, that miscreant? Why is he not here among you?"

"He must have remained cutting stone at his quarry," put in a timid voice; "he never quits work until dark."

"And what is it that Fergan the Quarryman says? Let's see how far his audacity goes," replied the bailiff.

"Master Garin," the old serf went on to say, "Fergan recognizes that we are serfs of our lord, that we are compelled to cultivate for his benefit the fields where it has pleased him to settle us forever, us and our children. Fergan says that we are bound to labor, to plant, to gather in the harvests on the lands of the castle, to mount guard at the strongholds of the seigniory and to defend it."

"We know the rights of the seigniory. But what else does Fergan say?"

"Fergan pretends that the taxes imposed upon us increase unceasingly, and that, after having paid our dues in products, the little we can draw from our harvests is insufficient to satisfy the ever new demands of our lord. Oh, dear Master Garin, we drink water, we are clad in rags, for only nourishment we have chestnuts, berries, and, when in luck, a little bread of barley or oats."

"What!" exclaimed the bailiff in a threatening voice, "you have all the good things, and yet you dare complain!"

"No, no, Master Garin," replied the frightened serfs; "no, we do not complain! We are on the road to Paradise!"

"If, occasionally, we suffer a little, it is all the better for our salvation, as the parish priest tells us. We shall enjoy the pleasures of the next world."

"We do not complain. It is only Fergan who spoke that way the other day. We listened to him, but without approving his words."

"And we even found great fault with him for holding such language," added old Martin the Prudent, all in a tremble. "We are satisfied with our lot. We venerate, we love our lord,

Neroweg VI, and also his helpful bailiff, Garin. May God preserve them long."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the serfs in chorus, "that's the truth, the pure truth!"

"Vile slaves!" roared the bailiff in a rage mixed with disdain, "cowardly knaves! You basely lick the hand that scourges you. Don't I know that, among yourselves, you call the noble Lord Neroweg VI 'Worse than a Wolf,' and me, his helpful bailiff, 'Serf-eater!' These are our nick-names."

"Upon our eternal salvation, Master Garin, it is not we who have given you that nick-name, Master Garin."

"By my beard! We propose to deserve our surnames. Yes, Neroweg VI will be 'worse than a wolf' to you, you pack of idlers, thieves and traitors! And, as for me, I will eat you to the bone, villeins or serfs, if you try to cheat your lord of his rights. As to Fergan, that smooth talker, I'll come across him some other day, and I feel it in my bones that he will yet make acquaintance with the gibbet of the seigniory of Plouernel. He will be hanged high and dry!"

"And we will not pity him, dear and good Master Garin. Let Fergan be accursed, if he has dared to speak ill of you and of our venerated lord!" answered the frightened serfs.

At this moment, Pierrine the Goat returned, accompanied by the man-at-arms, who had been charged by the bailiff to disinter the treasure of Peter the Lame. The young serf had a somber and wilder look, her tears had dried, but her eyes shot lightning. Twice she threw her thick black hair back from her forehead with her left hand, as she held her right hand behind her. She drew nearer to the bailiff step by step, while the man-at-arms, delivering to Garin a round piece of hollow wood, said: "It contains nine copper deniers, but four of them are not of the mintage of our Lord Neroweg VI."

"Foreign coin in the seigniory! And yet I have forbidden you to accept any under penalty of the whip!"

"Oh, Master Garin," explained Peter the Lame, still lying on the ground, and crying at the sight of his lacerated hands, "the foreign merchants who pass, and who occasionally buy a pig, a calf or a sheep, frequently have none but coin minted in other seigniories. What are we to do? If we refuse to sell the little we have, where are we to find the money to pay the taxes with?"

The bailiff placed the deniers of Peter the Lame in a large leather pouch, and answered the serf: "You owe six deniers; among these nine pieces there are four of foreign coinage; I confiscate them. There remain five deniers of this seigniory. I take them on account. You will give me the sixth when you pay the next taxes. If you don't, look out!"

"I propose to pay now!" shrieked Pierrine the Goat, striking the bailiff full in the face with a large stone that she had picked up on the road. Garin lost his balance with the violence of the blow, and the blood ran down his face; but he promptly recovered from the shock, and, rushing furiously upon the young serf, threw her down, trampled her under foot, and, half drawing his sword, was on the point of despatching her, when, recollecting himself, he said to his men: "Bind her fast; take her to the castle; her eyes will be put out to-night; and, at dawn to-morrow, she shall be hanged from the patibular forks."

"The punishment of Pierrine the Goat will be well merited," exclaimed the serfs, hoping to turn away from themselves the wrath of Garin the Serf-eater. "Bad luck to the accursed girl! She has spilled the blood of the good bailiff of our glorious seigneur! Let her be punished as she deserves!"

"You are a set of cowards!" cried Pierrine the Goat, her face and breast bruised and bleeding from the blows that Garin had given her while trampling on her. Then, turning to Peter the Lame, who was sobbing but dared not defend his daughter, or raise his voice to implore mercy for her, she said: "Adieu; tomorrow you will see ravens circling on the side of the seigniorial gibbet; they will be the living shroud of your daughter"; and showing her fists to the dismayed serfs, she went on: "Cowards! You are three hundred, and you are afraid of six

WEEKLY PEOPLE

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York postoffice, July 13, 1900.As far as possible, rejected communica-
tions will be returned, if so desired, and
stamps are enclosed.SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED
STATES.

In 1888.....	2,068
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	36,564
In 1900.....	34,191
IN 1902.....	53,617

Socialism is not a long way off—a
vision in the dim and distant future.
It is just as near as we will it to be.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"Happy New Year!" is the cry now on every tongue and lip. On all sides the holiday greeting is heard, and it is carelessly echoed, seldom with so much as a thought on the chances of its being fulfilled. In the midst of the reckless well-wishing, let the thoughtful pause and consider what the prospects and promise are for this new year, if 1904 is to be, for the proletarians, a really happy one.

Many and several are the tendencies in the economic world that must be taken into account.

First there is the tendency of machinery to become ever more perfect; and in the ratio that it perfects itself, to reduce first, the number of men required, and later, the skill required of them.

Secondly, the tendency, a direct result of the first, for the ranks of the employed to contain fewer and fewer men and an ever increasing number of women and children, while the ranks of the unemployed are swelled by the now useless fathers and husbands.

There is the tendency toward ignorance among the masses, owing to the depopulation of our schools. Younger and younger children are each year compelled to lay aside the book for the tool; while every year a greater number of the most needy are left without school-room, because of criminally insufficient accommodations.

There is the tendency toward physical decline. The long hours, the intensity of labor, the insufficient respite for meals, and the adulterated poisons which the masses are forced to buy as food are having their effect. Uncle Sam is now the greatest consumer of patent medicines in the world. Born of fathers whose days are refreshed by visits to the tonic-bottle, and of mothers whose days, even at critical periods, are passed amid the whirr of steam sewing-machines or cotton looms, if not at still more arduous toil, the future generation bids fair to excel the present in the number of physical culture schemers which it will support.

To cap the climax, and intensify all the miseries caused by the preceding tendencies, there is the cost of living advancing with seven league boots, so that it is now estimated at 38 per cent. higher than it was eight years ago.

These are only tendencies, or the chronic disease. The country is now on, if not already over, the verge of an acute attack the like of which it has never experienced. An industrial crisis has been slowly gathering, and is now about to break out with terrific malignancy, affecting every part and organ of our body social. Every day brings in fresh reports of failures, bankruptcies, lock-outs, wage-reductions and—as the most natural, though most terrible results—suicides. Looking at these facts, the anticipations for the new year would seem the anticipations but cheering.

But it always is darkest before dawn. If there were no remedy for this crushing evil, if there were none skillful enough to apply it, the outlook would indeed be black. But, fortunately, there is a remedy; though no one person can apply it in unison—at the ballot box, patiently instructing all men how to. That teacher is the Socialist Labor Party; the remedy is Socialism! When the Party's work shall have been done, when all the laborers of this broad land shall be gathered beneath that standard—then rotting wealth and pinching want, "prosperity" floods and industrial crises will be at an end forever: the workers will know the remedy and the means to

apply it in unison—at the ballot box, backed by resolute hearts to enforce the decree of their suffrage.

The men of the S. L. P. and her sister organization, the S. T. & L. A., are everywhere girding up their loins for the struggle. From ocean to ocean are flying words of cheer, hope, and encouragement. Comrades, grown old in the service, are clearing the way for their younger brethren. Preparations are being made for a more active and unremitting propaganda; and all over the land, vows are ascending on this New Year's day, that the present system of slavery shall die.

So again, this time soberly and with a depth of meaning, the Socialist Labor Party cries out:

"A Happy New Year, ye Proletarians of America!"

HERE AND THERE.

Elsewhere in this issue, the review of the Dresden Congress—long delayed by reason of the delay of the official report of the Congress in arriving—will be found at last, yet not too late. As times grow hotter, a correct and either way dispassionate estimate of things is as essential for safety as for progress.

None but the visionary—that dangerous element at all critical times, the present above all, and upon whom the warning, drawn by Marx and Engels from the disaster of the Paris Commune, is lost—will feel disheartened at the picture that the review unveils. The thinking element whose thought and activity the Socialist Labor Party is enlisting, who are training themselves for the man's work, that is at hand, and to whom the materialist conception of historic evolution is no hollow phrase, but a living, guiding Truth, will only gather strength from its contemplation.

The German Social Democracy is doing brilliantly, the best it can—but that best is not Socialism. As outlined in the review, the path of "Reform" that it treads is imperative. No fault may be found with it for having abandoned that of "Revolution," least of all for clinging, as it does, to its Socialist reminiscences and thus to an appearance not warranted by the facts. If fault is at all to be found, it is on the score of its leaders failing to post themselves upon America, to recognize that leadership has passed from Germany, and thus to aid rather than retard the Movement in America. But men, facing the arduous task set to the German Social Democracy, and staggering under the alp of their feudal monarchy, may not be criticized too rigidly.

On the other hand the review will serve to cover with shame the motleys, who, parading in America under the stolen feathers of Socialism, as the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic party, are deporting themselves like Indians who have found a watch, and, in the instinctive consciousness of their own weakness, seek for support abroad, though by doing so their conduct could ONLY TEND TO HOLD BACK THE MOVEMENT EVERYWHERE ELSE through the lowering of its tone here, where differently from all other nations, the path for the Revolutionary Movement has been paved smooth by the utter overthrow of the last vestiges of feudalism, and where no geographic complications exist to retard our march, or lame our blows.

Accordingly, the review—where every fact of importance is furnished by the official report itself of the Dresden Congress—will serve to quicken the pulse of the militant Socialist Labor Party, that, alive to the mission placed by economic and political evolution in the hands of the people of America, never has trailed the banner of the Socialist Revolution, and never will; and that, placed by social and political evolution at the post of danger, at the vanguard of the Revolution, will be true to itself and its trust, and, however the shots may rain, fight the battle upon which depends, not only our own, but the emancipation of our less favored and favorably situated fellow-men of other lands and other climes.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

"There you have it!" we imagine some one or other say when he hears the Socialists point to the recent disastrous fire of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago as another count in the indictment of capitalism. "There you have it! The Socialists can see nothing but Socialism. Whatever accident happens, straight they charge it to capitalism!" If ever appearances justified the criticism, it is in this instance. And yet the Socialist charge is correct, in this instance as well. Yes, the calamity of the Iroquois Theatre is a capitalist crime. Breaking through the crust of external appear-

ances, the Chicago hecatomb points its gory fingers to an economic feature that is essentially capitalistic.

No sane man will deny that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families;" no intelligent man will gainsay the human proclivity to negligence. The chapter of "accidents" is inexhaustible. Making ample allowance for all that, is that the sum total of the Iroquois Theatre lesson? No; of itself, that would be trifling. Below all that lies something else,—the real cause of the disaster, an economic feature special to capitalism that helps strew its path with disasters.

No industrial system, of the several that preceded the present, reached so deeply, as does capitalism, in revolutionizing and improving the methods of production, nor proceeded so swiftly, nor extended its progressive influence so widely. And yet, parallel with that fact is this other; in the instance of no other industrial system have antiquated methods and tools been clung to so tenaciously. To give an amusing illustration: In this city of New York, the metropolis of the nation, and in these days, one would say, of universal electricity, there are still seen dingy, slow-poking horse-tramways! The illustration suggests a number of others; all of them, in turn, point to this economic fact: Under capitalism the tool of production is there to knock off profits with; and seeing itself is a deposit of capital, it is stuck to as long as a copper can be wrung out of it. As a consequence, the human race is kept, not abreast of its inventive powers, but behind: valuable improvements and inventions are kept locked in the private vaults of individual capitalists, so as to afford them time to recover the full outlay made in the now antiquated machinery that they operate, and that would become just so much junk the moment the improved tool were set in operation: as a final consequence, we have the continued, and now avoidable danger to life and limb that accompanies most industries, and that periodically shock the mind in reports of "cave-ins," "explosions," etc., etc., and in such disasters as this one at Chicago.

There is, to-day, no excuse whatever for any but a determined suicide to be burned up in a theatre fire. Inventions galore there are whereby walls can be made fireproof and the insides of theatres absolutely incombustible. Chemical discoveries exist whereby necessary materials, such as wood, ropes, costumes, drapery and even paper—otherwise combustible—can be made as impervious to flame as sheet iron. And, as if to make Nordau, no doubt, is right. His anti-imperialistic feelings and views are shared by many in this country. He has the sympathy of a large part of these. He has also the defects of their reasoning. Like them, Nordau views American imperialism from a political instead of an economic standpoint. This leads to all sorts of fallacies.

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CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS. PERSONS USING OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS, NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

A CARD FROM THE BRAUER ZEITUNG.

Weekly People, New York City:—The statement in last week's People relative to the brewery workers' delegation as having cast their vote for the re-election of Gompers is wrong. The assertion of your correspondent, to wit:

"When Delegate Ward, of the Brewery Workers' Union, cast the vote of that organization for Gompers there was an outburst of applause, owing to the fact that the union had been beaten in its contest yesterday."

This not substantiated by the official proceedings (see page 7 in twelfth day's proceedings, where you will find that the brewery workers' delegation—Kemper, Gaestel, Zapp—cast their vote for Kreft, while Ward did not vote at all, being absent).

Your "Letter Box" note, answering a reader in Cincinnati, is, therefore, also incorrect, and I hope you will do justice in correcting the error, and not allow the enemies to denounce things of that sort "another Daily People lie."—Brauer Zeitung, Dec. 28, 1903.

THE RESULT OF THE POLICE PERSECUTION OF PIERSON.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—For the week's work just ended I will say that, with the assistance of the local comrades, I succeeded in getting 25 subscriptions to The Weekly and 2 to The Monthly People.

Our agitation meetings were a success from every point of view. We held the first meeting last Tuesday night on the main street in this city. I opened the meeting and Comrade Leitner followed, and made what was considered on all sides the cleverest and most logical talk ever made on Socialism in this city.

The next meeting was held last (Saturday) night. The crowd that attended was the largest that ever assembled on a street corner in this city. I opened the meeting and Comrade Leitner followed, and made what was considered on all sides the cleverest and most logical talk ever made on Socialism in this city.

After announcing the literature on hand, we waded into the crowd and succeeded in selling 30 books and distributing a good quantity of leaflets and copies of The Monthly People.

Will leave to-day for El Paso, and hope for continued success.

Yours for the S. L. P.,
Charles Pierson.

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 27, 1903.

OPEN LETTER TO PROF. TEDESCHI.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I am obliged to appeal to that fearless champion of the working class, The Daily and Weekly People, for space for the following open letter to Prof. Tedeschi, editor of "Il Proletario," official organ of the Italian Socialist Federation.

W. Hoboken, Dec. 29, 1903. E. J. G.

W. Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 29, 1903.

Prof. Tedeschi, editor of "Il Proletario": Dear Sir—In the issue of "Il Proletario" of December 13 you made a statement to the effect that you had a perfect right to express your views in reference to the Socialist Movement in America, and those views as every one knows, are in favor of the S. D. P.

You justified your action by stating that the columns of "Il Proletario" were also open to those whose views were contrary to yours. I therefore made up my mind to reply to an article published in the "Proletario," and signed by G. M. Parassio (alias G. M. Serratti), in which he doomed the S. D. P. as a bona fide Socialist party, because they were in favor of the municipalization of public utilities, and their views on taxation, trade-unions and co-operative enterprises were the same as the views held by the various European Socialist parties.

The communication I sent you was mailed on the 13th inst., but I have, as yet, to see it published. I have, therefore, concluded that you do not intend to publish the same. Now, Prof. Tedeschi, may I ask you a few direct questions?

First, I would like to know if you did not publish it on account of some grammatical mistake?

If so, you must realize that I am not a professor, but merely a workingman, and therefore excusable on that score.

Second, were you afraid that the truth was too plainly stated, and that it would grate upon the nerves of the intellectual? If so, why not say so?

Third, I have been informed by an Italian comrade that my communication was received by you, and the reason you gave for not publishing the same was that my premises were not correct. No doubt, from the standpoint of intellectualism, otherwise known as Kangarooism, your reply must have been correct.

Now, then, Professor, let me tell you that, although I am only a workingman, nevertheless, I possess sufficient knowledge to distinguish a lie from the truth, and by means of your own statements, above referred to, I do not hesitate to brand you as you deserve, as a professor of lying statements. Edw. J. Gallo.

THE YULE LOG OF UNCLE SAM.

To the Daily and Weekly People.—Under the head of "The Yule Log of Uncle Sam" the Columbus Citizen of the

of-town speaker did not show up. He says "we did not allow a little thing like that to bother us." This is very encouraging indeed. I had the pleasure to be present at the meeting on the above date. Unfortunately the day was wet. Nevertheless, there was a fair-sized audience and it was well rewarded for coming. Dana, who was chairman, is a recent addition to Section Lowell. He spoke on classes, showing the economic differences between them.

Mr. Smith was next. He showed how the Alliance fought the American Woolen Co., on the two-loom system. It was well worth hearing. Mr. Smith is a new addition to the movement. Other speakers followed. One of them was Comrade John Farrell, party press agent of Section Lowell. If any of the audience went away without being impressed by Comrade Farrell on the conditions of the working class, he must be prejudiced against the movement or too stupid to learn anything for his own good.

As a member of Section Lowell for the past three and a half years, but not in a position to take a very active part, I thought by January 1, 1904, I might withdraw, and have the burden fall on the shoulders of other comrades that could devote more of their time to it. That was my secret wish for some time and through the good work that State Organizer Carroll did here last fall, I can see the goal of my ambition.

But can any man withdraw from active participation in the work after reading Mr. Smith's letter? I say no. If any member of Section Lowell or any Section in Massachusetts fails to do his duty during the coming Industrial Crisis, which can't be avoided, he is a traitor to his class. If you can't aid the movement financially, speak encouragingly of it. Try and procure subscribers for its press and bring the working people to its agitation meetings and let them learn for themselves. Fraternal greeting from

Thomas A. Rudy.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 27, 1903.

S. T. & L. A. AND S. L. P. ACTIVITY IN LAWRENCE, MASS.

To the Daily and Weekly People.—

L. A. 373, Worsted and Woolen Weavers of Lawrence, Mass., held a successful concert and sale Friday evening, which will net something over \$20.

Revolutionary songs were rendered

and were much appreciated by those present. Comrade Murphy, of Lynn, and myself addressed the gathering in English, and Comrade Paul Vandome spoke in French.

Five persons came forward and signed their names to become members of the local.

To-morrow evening Section Lawrence will hold an agitation meeting in their headquarters.

The comrades here in Lawrence are determined to carry on the fight. Comrade Kenny, who was elected organizer of the section at its meeting yesterday, was delegated to attend the party conference in Boston Saturday evening.

It is to be hoped that all other sections of the State will do likewise. Fraternally, W. H. Carroll.

Lawrence, Mass., December 29, 1903.

working class and the principles of the Socialist Labor Party.

All this time the lawyer was waiting to get the floor again. He was disappointed, however, for Richard Murphy, of Lynn, Mass., next got the floor and exposed the fallacies of the lawyer's speech in a way that made it look like 30 cents.

When Manning finally got the floor to reply to Carroll and Murphy he said he thought Murphy was an Englishman and objected to my wearing a red necktie. He then went on to tell about the inventor.

When he sat down I arose to answer his "argument," especially to say something about his objections to my red necktie; but when I looked around to where he had been he was gone. I called to him, but all that I could see of him was his coat tails going out of the door, amid hisses and cries of "Coward!" from the audience. I think he ran away, because he was afraid he was going to get another lambasting like that Carroll and Murphy had given him.

R. W. Smith.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 27, 1903.

THE S. L. P. IN HAMILTON, ONT.

To the Daily and Weekly People.—

As the comrades throughout the country have not heard from Section Hamilton for some time, we thought we would let them know we are still on the firing line. We held a rousing lecture on December 22 with Comrade Fred Haslegrove, of London, Ont., as principal speaker.

I. Shapiro, as Chairman, gave a short address on pure and simple trade unions and the Workingmen's Municipal League, run by the fairies of the Trades and Labor Council and a few sky pilots, whose congregations are dwindling down and who have to look for new fields of graft.

The Chairman then called upon Comrade William Barrett, organizer of Section Hamilton, who outlined the S. L. P. movement as compared with the "Socialists" or party of many names, showing very conclusively the difference between them, and wound up by a very eloquent appeal for subscriptions to The Weekly People.

As for the burning of the books, Charles Pierson's arrest in Galveston, Texas, followed by the publication in the capitalist press throughout the United States (the Citizen included) of a false accusation, started by a set of idiotic officers, the miners' strike in Colorado; the constant harassing by its enemies of The Daily People—the only paper in America that fearlessly throws the light of intelligence upon current problems—are modern instances of "the burning of the books."

The Chairman then introduced Comrade Haslegrove, whose remarks were along the following lines:

In commencing, the speaker compared the state of affairs as they exist to-day with the time of Rome in her greatness, and showed that our system of government was very similar to what they had then, but science and invention had advanced for the benefit of the capitalist and not the worker, who thought it out and produced it. He referred to the recent famines in India and showed how such calamities could be averted by making use of the improved means of transportation and bringing food into the afflicted territory.

Regarding the unemployed, about whom so much has been said, the speaker was willing to wager that there was not one man in a hundred who would not work if he could get it under proper conditions.

Capitalism was a failure, a system whose keystone is private property, and the majority of the people under it are divorced from the keystone.

The remedy was the collective ownership of the means of production to be accomplished by a revolution, not by force, but by the ballot, in a peaceful manner.

"Trade unions," said the lecturer, "are organized according to crafts. It is necessary for the workers to organize in the interests of their class."

He referred to White of the Garment Workers as an evidence of the wrong principles of trade unions as they are now conducted.

In closing, the speaker urged the workers to become class conscious and stand by the party that stood for the working class—the Socialist Labor Party.

Several questions were asked and answered to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Press Committee.

William McCormack.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 24, 1903.

THE ALLIANCE IN LOWELL.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—

A letter from Robert Smith, a member of Local Alliance 407, S. T. & L. A., Sunday, tells of the industrial conditions in Lowell and the agitation carried on by the party that stood for the working class—the Socialist Labor Party.

Several questions were asked and answered to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Press Committee.

LAWYER FLEES FROM S. L. P. ARGUMENT.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—

Local Alliance, 407, S. T. & L. A., Sunday, the 27th inst., voted not to hold an agitation meeting on that date, so William H. Carroll, State Organizer of the S. L. P., who was to speak, and some of the members went to a meeting in Jackson Hall ward committee room.

Comrade Farrell opened the meeting with a few remarks. Lawyer Manning, the principal speaker, gave speech on taxation and other questions of no benefit to the working class. Carroll followed, making a speech that caused Mr. Parker, a Kang, to take the floor and praise Carroll for the stand he took in favor of the

conditions that are showing themselves just now, will point out to the people that are indifferent that it is only through the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance that they can help to emancipate themselves.

With reference to the meeting held Sunday, Dec. 28, he regrets that an out-

working class and the principles of the Socialist Labor Party.

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R. W. Smith.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 27, 1903.

THE HOMESTRETCH FUND.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—

Find enclosed \$30 for the Homestretch Fund, from the following: C. Lambert, \$2; Fred Meier, \$3; Dr. S. J. Stewart, \$1; Ernest Hinkelman, \$3; W. Blank, \$3; W. Beavis, \$10; Adolph Anderson, \$3; J. Hodges, \$2.50; Frank Crossman, \$2.50; total, \$30. This makes \$62 to date. We have \$44 more pledged, and a chance to get more yet.

Several of us have been hit hard by the undertow of the receding prosperity wave, but we all know that the revolution from Capitalism to Socialism is the only remedy that will improve the condition of our class. We also know that we must have a fearless, independent press to vanguard our progress in that direction. We know, further, that in order to have such a press we must own it absolutely. And, finally, we know that when it is necessary to own anything it is now necessary to pay for it. Every dollar given to The Daily People is a dollar's worth of work done by the donor upon the foundation of the Socialist Republic that will redound to eternal benefit of the working class forever.

The past is gone. Through its tribulations the Daily People has forged her way to a position where the Socialist Labor Party can save her, let the membership be ever so small. If The Daily People is not saved now it will be to the everlasting disgrace of the present membership of the S. L. P.

Whoever does not do something now has no right to lay claim to manhood. So let every member do all he can (less than that is not enough) now, and The Daily People will be sure of a life long enough to bring the Revolution.

William McCormack.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 24, 1903.

THE CAPITALIST.

(Written for The Daily People by J. K. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

From the toilers' sweat an idler came,

From the workers' brow he robbed, his fame,

From producers' hands his wealth he stole,

In Labor's tears he bathed his soul.

Eyes that were shining with bravery.

He darkened with cruel slavery,

Stifled true freedom that sought to rise,

And turned the laugh of the babe to sighs.

He turned the beauty of work to shame,

And set up greed as the highest aim,

The fitters of need he tore apart,

And wound them about the toiler's heart.

On the honor of women he set a price,

And filled the mind of the youth with vice;

Shattered the crown of equality

And raised high the whip of tyranny.

He broke the string of Cupid's bow,

And caused the seed of hate to grow.

The eyes of truth he pierced with greed;

The heart of love he filled with need.

O'er comforts of home he cast a pall,

And let the curtain of sorrow fall.

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 24 New Beale street, New York.
SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—National Secretary, C. E. Weitzel, 255½ Yonge street, London, Ont.
NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 24 New Beale street, New York City. (The Party's literary agency.)
Notice—For technical reasons no Party announcements can go in that are not in this issue by Tuesday, 10 a.m.

A CALL.

To the Sections of the Socialist Labor Party—Greeting:

In accordance with Article VII, Section 3, of the Party constitution, you are herewith called upon to make nominations for the place where the national convention of the Socialist Labor Party for 1904 is to be held. The nominations made must be reported to the undersigned not later than February 10, 1904, and will then be submitted to a general vote of the Party membership.

Organizers of Sections will please see to it that this call is read at the next regular meeting of their respective Sections, and that the nominations made are promptly reported to headquarters.

The Section being the unit of organization, each Section can nominate but one city. There is no need of reporting the vote cast; the simple statement that the Section places in nomination a certain city is sufficient.

For the National Executive Committee, S. L. P.

Henry Kuhn, National Secretary, New York, Jan. 2, 1904.

New York, Jan. 2, 1904.

Secretaries of State Executive Committees, take notice!

Your attention is herewith called to Article VII, Sections 2 and 3, of the Party constitution, which read as follows:

Article VII, Section 2:

"The State shall be the basis of representation, each State to be entitled to one delegate for every one thousand S. L. P. votes cast at the State election preceding the National Convention, and to one additional delegate for a major fraction thereof. Any State having one or more Sections and polling less than one thousand votes, or polling no votes at all, shall be entitled to one delegate; a territory to be treated as a State."

Article VII, Section 3:

"The National Executive Committee shall call for nominations for the place of the convention in January of the convention year, and the State Executive Committee, in transmitting the call to the Sections, shall call for nominations for delegates, the nominations to be submitted to a general vote of the Sections (in each State), with instructions as to the number of candidates each member has a right to vote for."

The call for nominations of the convention city having been issued by the N. E. C., the State Executive Committees must be prepared to act in accordance with the foregoing provisions and properly prepare for the election of delegates to the National Convention.

For the National Executive Committee, S. L. P.

Henry Kuhn, National Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS FAIR COMMITTEE.

Fourth meeting held December 23, Comrade D. Enger chairman. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read. Roll call showed present Comrades Callan, Engelhardt, Young, Bohmbach, Sweeney, Hess, Gallagher and Berry, of the Socialist Labor Party, and Comrades Enger, Mrs. Enger, Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, Swanson, Peterson, Nelson and Gronoros, of the Scandinavian Socialist Club.

Correspondence from Massachusetts S. L. P. State Executive Committee secretary endorsed.

Committee to see Comrade Johnson reports that he will donate a chess table for the fair.

Report of Gallagher that Comrades of Lynn will give ten articles of the twenty to be offered at large, accepted.

Under report of Entertainment Committee, same was instructed to engage Dougherty's three pieces two nights, and his offer of one night was accepted.

Comrade Swanson was appointed to take charge of admission tickets.

Motion was carried that the officers, chairman, secretary and treasurer, with Comrades Gronoros and Young, act as the Executive Committee during the fair.

Committee reported having counted admission tickets, 2,063. Ordered to turn them over to Comrade Swanson.

Motion was made to reconsider graphophone in contest and let Section that dominated it take charge of the same at their own table at the fair.

Moved to adjourn until Wednesday evening, January 6, 1904.

John Sweeney, Secretary,

75 Prospect street, Cambridge, Mass.

CLEVELAND (OHIO) LECTURES.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., has arranged for the following lectures:

Sunday, January 17.—"Why American Workingmen Should Be Socialists," Speaker, J. Wettstein.

Sunday, February 7.—"Evolution of Property," Speaker, John D. Goerke.

Sunday, February 21.—"Attitude of the S. L. P. Towards Trades Unionism," Speaker, F. Seymour.

Sunday, March 6.—"Effect of Machinery on the Working Class," Speaker, John Kircher.

These lectures take place at 3 p.m. at Section Hall, 350 Ontario street, top floor (German-American Bank Building). All workingmen and their friends and especially the readers of the Weekly People are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

A. J. Boland, Organizer.

CLEVELAND S. L. P. CONVENTION.

The city convention of the S. L. P. of Cleveland is called for Sunday, January 10, 1904, to meet at the Section's Hall, 350 Ontario street (German-American Bank Building), top floor, and will be called to order at 3 p.m. (suntime) sharp.

The principal business of this convention is to nominate candidates for the various public offices to be voted for at the principal election in April.

It is the duty of each and every comrade to attend. Sympathizers and adherents of the S. L. P. are cordially invited.

BUFFALO LABOR LYCEUM.

A series of public lectures is now being held every Sunday at 3:15 p.m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near George street. Admission free to all.

Public Debate.

January 10.—Between Mr. Boris Reinstein and Attorney E. N. Heath.

Subject:

"Resolved: That no reform in our present Industrial System, but only the establishment of the Socialist Republic, can solve the Labor Problem."

January 17.—Mr. Orvus A. Curtis, on "Class-Consciousness."

January 24.—Attorney Thomas E. Boyd, on "Utopia—Yesterday and Tomorrow."

January 31.—Rev. L. M. Powers, on "Are We Civilized?"

DETROIT, MICH. AGITATION MEETINGS.

Section Detroit, Mich., will hold agitation meetings at Minnebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on the following Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 p.m., and extends an invitation to all to attend. Free discussion, open to all. The subjects and lectures are:

January 10.—"The Socialist Labor Party: Its Aim and Object." Speaker, Fred Uhlman.

January 17.—"The Class Struggle." Speaker, Herman Richter.

January 24.—"Can Pure and Simple Trade Unions Solve the Labor Problem?" Speaker, M. Meyer.

January 31.—"Socialism vs. Capitalism." Speaker, George Hassler.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ATTENTION.

Section East St. Louis will give a series of lectures at Launta Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenues, every Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

On January 10, Comrade Philip Veal will speak on "The Strike at Cripple Creek."

LYNN DISCUSSION MEETING.

The next regular discussion meeting of Section Lynn will be held in the new headquarters, 54 Central avenue, Friday evening, January 8, 1904. Subject: "Should the Socialist Labor Party Dominate the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance?"

All members should take notice and attend these meetings, and take part in the discussion.

Frank B. Jordan, Organizer.

L. A. 252, S. T. & L. A.

The last meeting of Local Alliance 252 was held on December 29 at 813 Park avenue, Brooklyn, with Comrade Louis T. Kunz in the chair and Comrade J. Martin acting as vice-chairman. Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

A communication from D. A. 40 was laid over for new business.

It was regularly moved and seconded to hold meetings hereafter on the second Monday of each month. The organizer was authorized to call special meetings if necessary. The secretary was instructed to forward the proceedings of each meeting to The People for publication.

The reports of organizer and delegates to D. A. 49 were accepted; also 10 tickets of Egg Candiers' Union, L. A. 349, and 25 tickets to the grand ball and fair of D. A. 49. The comrades were urged to make this fair a success.

In regard to delegates to D. A. 49, the organizer (H. Kober) was instructed to request the same to attend the district meetings properly or forward their resignations as delegates to L. A. 252.

After a lengthy discussion it was regularly moved and seconded that L. A. 252 contends that Comrade John A. Schwartz is a wage worker. The delegates to D. A. 49 were instructed to report so to the district.

In reply to the communication of D. A. 49, a committee of two, consisting of H. Kober and Fred Loehr, was elected to assist the fair committee at the New Year's eve ball in Everett's Hall, 33 East Fourth street, New York.

The financial secretary was instructed to communicate with delinquent members in order to make it possible to wipe out the debts of L. A. 252 to D. A. 49 before January 1, 1904.

Next meeting will be held on Monday, January 11, 8 p.m., at 813 Park avenue, Brooklyn. Fred A. Loehr, Recording Secretary.

TO MEMBERS D. A. 4, S. T. & L. A.

In order to push the necessary work of organization, 5,000 invitation cards for alliance meetings have been ordered. All members who recognize the truth of our social conditions, being simply a reflect of economic conditions, will put their shoulder to the wheel and distribute in shop, factories, etc. Great work can be done during the next six months before the political campaign is on.

The district calls on all workers to help. Others won't, as the capitalist system could not get along without them. A. J. Boland, Organizer.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS \$4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged \$1,898.05

Excelsior Literary Society, City 5.00

C. Merquelin, Bayonne, N. J. 3.00

F. Metzger, Paducah, Ky. 3.00

J. Williams, Paducah, Ky. 3.00

C. Grimm, Paducah, Ky. 2.00

E. Romary, Paterson, N. J. 3.00

J. C. Halliday, East St. Louis, Ill. 3.00

George Anderson, Salinas, Cal. 3.00

H. Ulrich, Saginaw, Mich. 3.00

Louis Kuntz, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00

W. T. Welch, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

H. D. McTier, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

B. Downey, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

J. McTier, Roanoke, Va. 3.00

M. Sassinowsky, Philadelphia, Pa. 1.00

A. Lundberg, Providence, R. I. 5.00

F. Bartel, City 3.00

W. Moore, City 2.00

L. Newman, City 1.00

N. Zolinsky, City 1.00

W. W. Evans, Salt Lake City, Utah 5.00

J. Holm, Burnett, Minn. 3.00

E. Moonelis, City 1.00

F. Werdenberg, City 3.00

O. K., Reading, Pa. 5.00

S. H., Reading, Pa. 2.50

A. Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y. 3.00

P. Janke, Indianapolis, Ind. 3.00

W. Retterer, Indianapolis, Ind. 3.00

S. Hutchinson, Grand Junction, Col. 1.00

S. L. P., Grand Junction, Col. 5.00

J. L. Billings, Grand Jet., Col. 5.00

S. N. Johnson, Grand Jet., Col. 5.00

M. H. Jones, Grand Jet., Col. 2.00

J. Connell, Grand Jet., Col. 1.50

Mrs. S. B. Hutchinson, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

D. Kaplan, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00

R. Katz, Trenton, N. J. 1.00

A. M. Nesbit, Bellair, O. 1.00

L. C. Kucera, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

W. H. Burkhardt, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

J. M. Sellars, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

E. Coulton, Grand Jet., Col. 1.00

J. Anderieg, South Bound Brook, N. J. 1.00

C. Schmidt, Lohn, Tex. 3.00

A. Orange, City 1.00

E. Kuelman, St. Paul, Minn. 5.00

L. Gluckman, New York, N. Y. 2.00

N. Trochman, New York, N. Y. 20.00

W. Selkowitz, New York, N. Y. 1.00

J. Holmes, any friends, New York, N. Y. 2.50

William Riesenber, Chicago, Ill. 3.00

J. Hamerli, Chicago, Ill. 3.00